

MAINE FARMER

AGRICULTURE MECHANIC ARTS GENERAL INTELLIGENCE

VOL XX.

AUGUSTA, MAINE, THURSDAY MORNING, MARCH 11, 1852.

NO. 11.



"Our Home, our Country, and our Brother Man."

USES OF PEAT.

In this section of the country we do not yet think much of peat, except as a substance with which to replenish the muck yard. Wood at present supplies us with fuel, and hence peat, for this purpose, has not yet come into use. The time, however, will come when the immense beds of it which are interspersed in different parts of the State, will be looked upon as very valuable for fuel. It has been found, when charred, or made into charcoal, to be a very efficient disinfectant or deodorizer, and therefore very useful to strew over cesspools, or throw into vaults and other places which yield the various gases that are deleterious to health and cleanliness. It has also been found nearly or quite as good as charcoal for forges, or blacksmiths' uses. Many years ago peat was used as a fuel for burning lime, as will be seen by the following communication to Young's Annals of Agriculture, vol. xxiv, for 1795, by Rev. David Ure.

"Limestone in Dumfriesshire is burnt into lime with peat. The kilns are of earth and contain about twelve chaldrons each of lime, have two fire places at the bottom, made nearly the breadth of the kiln in length, and two feet and a half in width, rudely arched with large pieces of limestone, over which the stones are thrown at random till the kiln is full; fires are then kindled, and the heat is great enough to burn it completely, being kept in for two days and three nights. Seventy cart loads of peat, at 8d. per cart, do the business. In some places peat is used in kilns, stratum super stratum with the stone, the same as with coal."

BOARD OF AGRICULTURE IN MAINE.

There is now some prospect that we shall have a board of agriculture in Maine. The following is the bill reported by the committee on agriculture.

Such a board would be useful as being a central and definitely organized body, to whom the interests of agriculture could be entrusted, and from whom would emanate facts, documents, and suggestions important to be known and acted upon.

Be enacted by the Senate and House of Representatives in Legislature assembled, as follows:

SECTION 1. Each of the incorporated agricultural societies in this State, shall, at their meeting in the fall for the purpose of holding their cattle shows and fairs, choose one of their members, who shall thereby be a member of the Board of Agriculture of the State of Maine.

SECTION 2. Every person thus chosen shall receive credentials of the fact of his being thus chosen a member of said Board of Agriculture, signed by the president and secretary of his respective society, and he shall be paid for his services, a sum not exceeding two dollars per day, out of the moneys received by said society from the State in accordance with chapter eighty-two of revised statutes.

SECTION 3. The Board of Agriculture shall hold a meeting at Augusta, on the third Wednesday of January, annually, when they shall organize by the choice of a president, secretary, and such other officers as they may deem necessary. It shall be the duty of the Board to discuss such subjects as pertain to the agricultural interests of the State, and to devise and recommend, from time to time, to the several agricultural societies in the State, and to the people, facts, improvements, discoveries and views, in regard to the then present condition and future prosperity of agriculture in the State, and to annually make to the legislature, through the joint standing legislative committee on agriculture, a report on said subjects, which shall be published by the legislature as a public document for distribution among the people.

SUGGESTIONS TO OCCUPANTS OF THE "LONG PASTURE."

A writer in the March No. of the Albany Cultivator, on the subject of "the long pasture," suggests the propriety of converting the outside or margin of the road into a meadow, to be mowed annually for wintering certain cattle, and thereby, we suppose, save the trouble that often arises from cattle running at large in summer. If the road is to help support some cattle, he thinks it better to appropriate it to the winter feeding, instead of the summer feeding of them. Whether cattle are to take their support from the roadside or not, we like the plan of making the roadside smoother than they generally are, and allowing them to become covered with grass. As a general thing, the margins of our roads are merely locations for stones, brambles, and everything that may be thrown out of the merely travelled path, or the cartway, as it may be called. Hence a foot traveler must keep himself in the cartway. If the margin were smoother, it would be more pleasant for such—more pleasant to the eye—more pleasant for those who have occasionally to turn out of the path to let any carriage which they may meet pass them, and, in short, more pleasant for every purpose, whether as a pasture for cattle or a highway for travelers.

THE CAUSE OF HARD TIMES.

Read the following, if you wish to know why the California gold does not make money plentiful—

"IMPORT OF GOLD AND EXPORT OF SPECIE: The amount of gold dust imported from California during the months of January and February was \$7,216,940, which is less than the amount of imports in the same period of last year by \$51,434. The exports of specie from New York in the same period amounted to \$6,434,500."

This will leave but \$782,440 in the country, and full as much as that has been carried out by the stream of emigrants and adventurers to California within the last six months.

GREAT CROP OF PUMPKINS.

The following statements respecting a crop of pumpkins were communicated, by the writer, to a friend in this city, who has handed them to us for publication.

"Some time during the first part of June last, the day of the month I cannot tell, I was passing through my turnip yard, and found that the worms had destroyed part of my turnips. I felt, accordingly, in my pocket, and found two seeds. I stuck in one seed, and went about ten feet and stuck in the other. Some time after, I was passing there again, and found the seeds had come up and looked very thrifty. The yellow bugs had begun to work on them. I brushed them off and killed what I could. I then went and got a pint of plaster, another pint of slacked lime, also about four quarts of ashes—mixed them together, and put it as near the plants as it would do. I then went and got a handful of seeds and sowed them: took a piece of a shingle and matted the whole in with the dirt around the plants, after which they grew rapidly.

In October, the largest pumpkin was measured and found to girth five feet and six inches. It was weighed, and found to weigh forty pounds. The next largest weighed thirty-nine pounds. The average weight of the next ten was twenty-six pounds, and of the next nine, sixteen pounds—making a total of four hundred and eighty-three pounds, besides four or five that were so very green I gave them to my cows.

I do not state this in the way of bragging. If the blessing rests on the labor of my hands, it calls on me for gratitude to the Bestower of the blessing.

I planted one-half acre of potatoes, and the yield was one hundred and forty bushels of good potatoes as I ever raised. The frost hurt my corn very much. I had one half acre of yield ninety-five bushels of ears, over three bushels of grain. I thought, if there had been no frost, that piece was stout enough for a hundred bushels to the acre.

JOHN TRASK.

See Sharon.

HAND POWER CIRCULAR SAWS.

Mr. R. W. Parker, of Roxbury, Mass., has invented and patented an apparatus for driving a circular saw by hand power with sufficient strength and velocity to enable it to do by the aid of one man, the work of three or four, with common hand-saws.

The Commonwealth says:

"The invention by this extraordinary result is produced is a very happy one, and so simple that the Examiner at the Patent Office refused to believe from the model that the effect could be produced, and would not expect to force of a patent till Mr. Parker carried the actual machine to Washington and showed it in full operation. Seeing is believing, and the patent was granted on the ocular demonstration.

Instead of having a series of banded drums between his power and the arbor of his saw, Mr. Parker has one drum, two and a half feet in diameter, to which his handle applies. There is no band around this drum. But resting on it at the top is the arbor of the saw, and another small drum is also in contact with it on one side. These two, the arbor and the small drum, are banded together, their band being all that separates them from the periphery of the large drum, so that the lower side of the band is in contact with the large drum for about thirty degrees.

By turning the large drum rapidly you put the small arbor into a velocity, at once, in the inverse ratio of the diameters, and there is no slipping of the band in working. The gain in compactness of machinery and economy of the power which in the ordinary mode is wasted on the necessary friction, must be obvious to any intelligent mechanic. Its application will of course be widely extended in driving various kinds of machinery where high velocity is required."

Written for the Maine Farmer.

COLOR OF HOUSES.

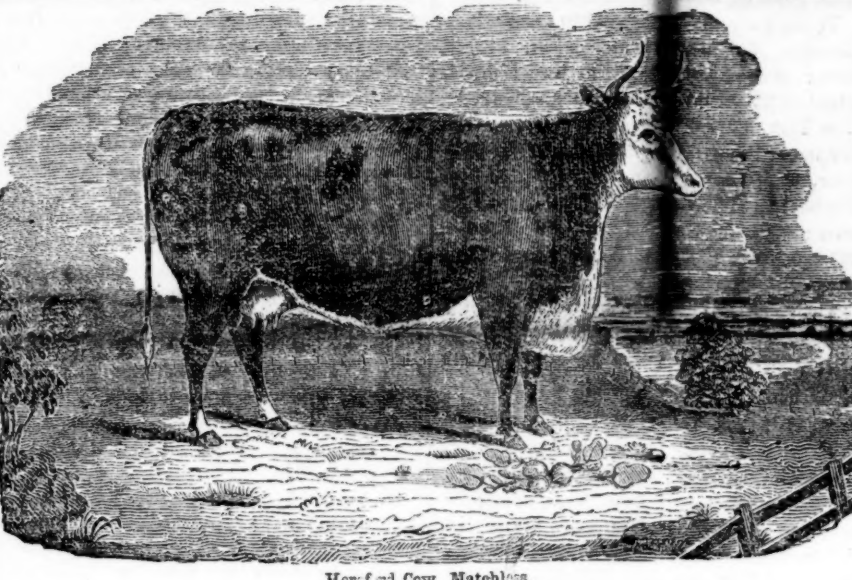
Mr. Editor.—I am not in the habit of writing, especially for publication; but noticing some remarks on the color of houses in the Farmer, and they being, in my opinion, so erroneous, I could hardly refrain from saying a word or two about them.

The gentleman (Mr. Harris Allen, of Lyme, N. H.) says he agrees with Mr. L. Varney, of Sandwich, N. H., on the color of paint, who says, "Argument to be effective must be supported by facts," and then he goes on to describe the old house he was born in, &c. That was painted red, and after standing nineteen years, it took less paint, per yard, on the red the first coat, than it did on the trimmings (which were white) the second. Now if these are facts, they are hard to be believed by me. Any person, who ever handled paint, knows better than to believe the gentleman was not deceived.

When I took my pen to write, it was my object to expose the qualities of red paint, which are very destructive to wood, and I have often said and still say that if a person would paint a house for me gratis, and find the stock, I had rather he would let it alone, or at least leave out the red, and oil it. This I would thank him for. I do believe that any kind of clapboards, especially cheap sap ones, will lie closer, split less and warp less, not painted at all, than if painted red; and I give my reasons. If any man will take pains to notice any front of a building, exposed to the sun, painted red and covered with clapboards that will warp and bend, he will see that the painting has done them no good, for the reason that red readily absorbs the rays of the sun, and the wood becomes heated, consequently it warps, contracts, and tends to separate, and in five years the clapboards will be hanging in every direction; whereas white lead and oil preserve the wood in its life, reflect the rays of the sun, and consequently the clapboards remain where they were nailed, and present, after five years, a smooth and handsome front. These are undeniable facts, and if Mr. Allen will take pains to inform himself, he will find them to be such; and I would say to the public, Beware how you paint red before you satisfy yourself of its properties. J. L. S.

Standish, March 1, 1852.

The Rural New Yorker says, "We disbelieve in farmers who will not improve—in farms that grow poorer every year—and in farmer's sons ashamed of their father's calling."



Hereford Cow, Matchless.

HEREFORD CATTLE.

In point of size, beauty, strength, and feeding properties the Hereford cattle in England stand in the front rank. Some breeders prefer them to the Durhams, others place them second to the Durhams. We believe it is a fact which the records of many of the agricultural societies there will show, that the Herefords have taken as many, if not more, premiums than the Durhams have. In this country the Herefords are not so numerous as the Durhams, but in many sections they have been introduced, and give satisfaction.

The importation made by Corning & Southam, of Albany, some eight or ten years ago, was the means of introducing them into the Northern States. Some splendid specimens of this breed may now be seen in the herd of Mr. Corning, of Albany, and Mr. Southam, of Jefferson county, N. Y. The accompanying cut represents one of the cows, named "Matchless," which was among the importation mentioned above.

The Herefords that are now in Maine are only half bloods. They have good feeders, always ready to eat whatever is placed before them, and are active for work. They do not come to maturity quite so quickly as the Durhams, but will come up to seven feet in girth, on an average, and work hard during the season of growth, too.

If fed high and not worked, they will, of course, come to maturity earlier. As milk cows, they have proved as good as the average.

They are of red, or bright mahogany color, with white or mottled faces, and sometimes a white line on the neck.

We wish that some of our farmers would obtain some full bloods of this breed. Different sections of the State are adapted to the different breeds of cattle, or it would be more correct to say, that different breeds of cattle are well adapted to different sections of our State; and we should be glad to find them in all their purity in those parts where they will be most at home.

Written for the Maine Farmer.

CONDITIONS OF VEGETABLE GROWTH.

The ground being drained of all its surplus water, and pulverized to a suitable depth, (the deeper the better,) and well mixed with manure containing a due proportion of all the elements of the crop to be grown, and the season arrived, as to moisture and temperature, the seed is put in. It moistens and swells, and distends is formed, which acts like a lever, converting the kernel into food for the sprouting germ, and when the root is extended into the soil and the shoot into its second leaf, the diastase has performed its functions and disappears in the rising plant.

Life, electricity, color and light are principles which have much to do with vegetable growth. What they are or why they act is known only by Infinite Wisdom. We can only say how they act. Life exists in two forms—sensible and insensible, or present and latent. In its latent form it exists in seeds, and in some seeds is preserved for hundreds, perhaps for thousands of years.

The first act of life, when developed in the seed, is to evolve carbonic acid, by the carbon of the seed combining with oxygen, thus decomposing water—its oxygen combining with the carbon in the seed. A single seed will produce many times its bulk of carbonic acid gas, and in the soil will surround itself with an atmosphere of carbonic acid. This, evolved, begins its action upon the silicates, thus commencing an electric action which is excited and stimulated by the salts in the soil. This electric action induced, extends to undetermined distances, hence there is a transfer, as is usual in all cases of galvanic decomposition, of substances remote from the plant to its root, where they are taken up.

The presence of a growing plant, by its catalytic influence or its presence, gives to the elements power to enter into new combinations, in obedience only to the well known, established laws of chemical affinity.

Call this power life, electricity, galvanism, or by any other name you please, still the great fact remains, that the mere presence of a living, growing plant in the soil, in one year effects a greater amount of its decomposition than all atmospheric influences in many years, is one of the very highest interest, in a practical view. It is this decomposing action of living plants on the inorganic elements of the soil, which affords a reasonable explanation of the action of salts in agriculture.

The catalytic power of life dissociates the elements of salts: they enter into new combinations—the base and the acids are separated by the action of the living plant—life in the seed dissociates neutral salts, rendering them active on the gases, rendering that soluble, and enabling both the organic and inorganic elements to enter into new arrangements, forming entirely a different substance, after the image of the seed planted.

Heat or caloric pervades universal nature, either in its present or its latent form, and is the main-principle of all action. Cold is its opposite, or rather its absence; for in the absence of heat, universal nature would congeal into a dense body, much colder than any substance known; for ice contains caloric, in a greater or less degree, according to its density. It has been said that if nature's laws were not active, as illustrated under the head of repulsion, the world might be compressed to the size of a nut-shell. These laws are under the control of heat. As bodies ex-

pand, they take up heat between their particles. If a quantity of air be heated, it will expand one five-hundredth part of its bulk for every degree of heat added, and, of course, will contract similarly when heat is abstracted. The form of bodies is dependent on heat. By its increase, solids are converted into liquids, and liquids are dissipated in vapor, and vice versa. So long as the chemical constitution of bodies are preserved, heat uniformly expands them; but this is accounted for by a particular arrangement of its particles during its formation—the particles arranging themselves in ranks and lines which cross each other at angles of 60° and 120°, and consequently occupy more space—a wise design for bridging over the water for the benefit of man in cold regions.

Heat is considered repulsive in all its operations. It is so long as the substance heated retains its identity; but if the heat be checked at the dissolving point, the particles of matter are at liberty to elect and unite with other particles for which they have a greater affinity.

The great practical question is to generate or render latent heat present, sufficient to keep up a proper temperature, when it is deficient from natural sources, and this may measurably be effected by thorough draining, deep tilling, and properly prepared manure.

Light, like heat, is radiated in straight lines from luminous bodies, and like it refracted by passing through or into a different medium, as placing one end of a pole in water, at any given angle, it will appear to diverge, making an angle at the surface. It produces all the shades of color in the stalks, flowers, and ripe fruit of vegetation.

When the rays of light are intercepted, absorbed or reflected by intervening objects, vegetation languishes, sickens and dies. Vegetation is perfected by the intensity of the light, and cannot come to maturity without it. During the sunshine of the day the leaves of plants are constantly absorbing carbonic acid gas and giving out oxygen. This has been long known, but it is a more recent discovery that the whole source of wood fibre is the atmosphere. The reason why vegetation is more rapid in high than in low latitudes is because the days are longer—plants have more light, and consequently more time to work. They progress in the light and rest in the dark.

The foregoing, as also how and where vegetation accumulates its substance, may be illustrated by the analysis of a tree. The wood proper, or after charring, is carbon, and what is driven off by this process is oxygen and hydrogen, in proportion to form water, together forming 97.13 per cent., and of the inorganic part, or ashes, 2.87 per cent. Ashes are divided by the simple process of leaching into two parts, soluble and insoluble in water. One hundred parts of hard-wood ashes thus afford 13.57 per cent. of soluble matter, and 86.43 per cent. of insoluble. One hundred parts of the soluble contain

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| Carbonic acid, | 22.78 |
| Sulphuric acid, | 6.43 |
| Silicic, | .95 |
| Potash and soda, | 67.95 |
| Muriatic acid, | 1.82 |
| One hundred parts of the insoluble contain | |
| Carbonic acid, | 35.80 |
| Phosphoric acid, | 3.40 |
| Silicic, | 4.25 |
| Oxide of iron, | .52 |
| Oxide of manganese, | 2.15 |
| Magnesia, | 3.55 |
| Lime, | 35.80 |

The ashes may include the volatile salts or soot. This analysis shows the relative value of leached and unleached ashes. The organic particles of wood, by combustion, rise in the air, and their carbon and oxygen unite and form carbonic acid gas, while the inorganic fall in ashes. The organic elements of wood possess all the properties necessary for its own destruction, viz., caloric or heat, combustion and electricity. The electricity may be excited by applying a spark of heat or fire, by compression of air suddenly, or by friction. It will be readily perceived when the ultimate particles are sensibly separated, they are at liberty to combine with other particles for which they have a stronger affinity; and a proper degree of heat is as necessary for their repulsion in the original body.

Having shown the destruction of a tree, which is a chemical process, we are prepared to show the organization of another tree from its elements, which is a living process. We place the seed in the soil—an acorn, for instance. Here heat gives the first impulse, the presence of life evolves carbonic acid, as has been described, sufficient for germination, and the development of the leaf: the root absorbs the inorganic elements from the soil, and the leaves absorb carbonic acid from the air to form the entire woody fibre of the tree, and the catalytic power of life forms an oak tree.

In reviewing the several articles I have written, it is hoped no one will think me so vain as to expect to instruct the public in scientific agriculture, through the medium of a newspaper, the object of which is to record the passing events of the day; but if I have succeeded in showing the necessity of text books, schools, and study, my object is attained. MARTIN MOVER.

WINTER WHEAT IN CARMEL.

Mr. Editor.—I noticed, some two weeks since, an article in the Farmer, in relation to the amount of winter wheat raised in the State of Maine, in 1851; and it occurred to me, at the time, if some person in each town would take a little pains, the amount might soon be ascertained. I have got the amount raised in Carmel, within a few bushels, and it is as follows: Thirty-two bushels were sown, and four hundred and one-half bushels were raised—an average yield of 124 bushels to the bushel sown. It was sown very late so that a great portion did not get up more than two or three inches high. Some of it was highly winter-killed, and other portions were sown on land in no preparation for a crop of any thing, even Canada thistles. In no case where the grain was put on good ground, did they fail to the bushel sown; and I am satisfied beyond a doubt that winter wheat can be raised in this town, and in the most of the towns in Maine, to better advantage than spring grain; and I have not known an instance where the wheat has been sown in August, and on good ground, either plowed or harrowed, but has yielded more than twenty bushels to the bushel sown.

I gave winter wheat a fair trial in 1850. I sowed, on two and a half acres of burnt land, two and a half bushels of the White Siberian wheat. On the 20th and 25th of August, I harvested and threshed it out with a flail, before it was thoroughly dry, and had eighty-four bushels and eleven quarts, and it was said by those who examined the straw that at least one tenth part of the wheat remained in the straw. This is what I call a fair trial, and I have no doubt all who will take the same pains that I did, will receive a like reward.

Geo. W. CHAMBERLIN.

Carmel, March 1, 1852.

WINTER MANAGEMENT OF BEES.

The culture and management of bees are probably the most difficult in certain emergencies, of all other things pertaining to rural economy. If every family were numerous, and possessed an abundance of honey, all the principal difficulties attending their management would disappear.

Such, however, is not the case, and to winter weak and half finished families is attended generally with much vexation and trouble.

The whole of our system of winter management cannot be given here, with our reasons and illustrations, for want of room; but we can state one or two prominent points.

1. The principal object should be to so place our bees in winter, that as little frost shall be generated within the hives as possible, and still keep them dry, and in a temperature just below freezing. Hives that are very populous will stand an outdoor exposure very well, but weak families must be housed, or receive extra protection.

2. If our bees require feeding in the winter, the best method is undoubtedly to place them in a well ventilated, dark room—as warm as it can be without artificial heat; then turn the hives over, bottoms up, tie a cotton cloth over each, place empty combs within the hives in a horizontal position, directly over, and as near to the bees as possible, with a hole, about one or two inches in diameter, made in said combs, over such part of the bees as are most densely congregated.

Pieces of wood, very thin, may be inserted in the hives, so that the feeding combs shall not rest on any of the main combs of the hives, for the reason that wherever the feeding combs come in contact with the hive combs, they will be joined thereby to the bees.

When all is ready, take syrup of sugar, made of the consistence of honey, by heating over the fire, till it boils, or any kind of strained honey, and place in a pitcher; warm it a little, and evening, or near sunset, raise the cloth, fill the cells of the comb, rap on the hive to call up the bees, and once or twice a week feed in this manner, and you will succeed in all cases, in wintering your bees, where there is a sufficient number to generate a proper degree of animal heat for their preservation.

Hives quite full of combs will require a temporary box to be made, open at both ends, and a few inches deep to fit to the size of the hive. These remarks apply to climates where the weather is steadily cold in winter, and more particularly to Northern New York, or any section of the State, except the southern counties, where feeding in the supers or chambers of hives is practicable, in many days.

[Northern Farmer.]

CAUSE OF THE FAILURE OF SUBSOLLING.

A correspondent of the Boston Cultivator says: "I have known the breaking up of hard pan by deep subsolling, the cause of injury to the crops for many years, and have no doubt that Mr. Harper's statement of the result of subsolling his sandy land was thus brought about, encouraging the crops to send down their perpendicular roots into the deleterious matters contained therein, and where the water would be found to have collected from parts adjacent, sent thither by the hard pan which in such a case operates as a drain. Such a subsolling would be found injurious in the planting of trees, and yet how often are we told to open the holes wide and break, breaking up the hard pan, and filling in with rich mould before planting, for every hole thus formed would be found to contain water, and though held in a dish, where it would become stagnant, and destructive to the health of the tree. I therefore hold to your opinion, that subsolling, to be of service, must be accompanied by judicious under-drainage."

[Journal of N. Y. State Ag. Society.]

FROM THE NATIONAL EM.

KNOW YE THE LAND!

A NATIONAL SONG.

Know ye the land where the Forest and Prairie
Spend sunset away by the Cataract's fall,
Where the banners of earth the most gloriously vary,
And the children that reap them are happiest of all;
Where the long rolling rivers go mightily rearing,
With wealth on their billows, through many a clime,
Where the lakes, and their woodlands, like seas are
Extending,

And the mountains rise lone in the centre of solitude!

Know ye the land where a Royal oppressor
Bade the Burglers and Highwaymen bow to his will;
But they fought the good fight, under God the Redeemer,
And the heart of humanity beats to it still!

Where the lakes, mountains, and plains keep inspiring or
Solemn,

Their tales of that strife, and its monuments be
The statue, the tablet, the hall and the column—
But, best and most lasting, the souls of the free!

Know ye the land where fair Freedom's dominion
Stands prouder than any the earth ever knew,
When Greece flashed like fire through the East, or the
Punio

Of Rome's dreaded war-bird with Victory flew?

Where, high as the laughter, she lifts up her banner,
By crime undiminished, unshaken by defeat,
Where the gates of two oceans blow brightly to fan her,
And wait the full wealth of the world to her lot!

Where she bows, great Proteus, to greet the pale
Strangers,

The pilgrims of many a realm who prefer
To the mercies of tyrants her seas and their dangers—
To their birth place the exile that waits them to her;
Where, far as the breezes and billows, her warning
Is heard on all shores, by their slaves and their
Kings;

I will come, I will come, like the march of the Morn-
ing,

And the healing of nations go forth on my wings!
Oh, that land! Yes we know it—its luminous story,
Its wealth of all nature—America's land!

We would die for that land of our love and our glory!
We live to sustain it—heart, spirit and hand!

And thus, brothers, friends, we salute it—Oh, never,
That proud Constitution made less by a star!
All hail it perpetually brightening forever—
The fond hope of millions, in peace or in war!

Till the hard rock of Plymouth is worn by the ocean,
And Charleston's tall Oldick dust on the shore,
And dear Old Dominion, thy noblest devotion
And the gift of thy Chieftaincy thought of no more,
Shall this bond, long our glory, still bind us together—
One people, from Maine to the Mexican line—
From the Chesapeake's waves to the Cape of Good
Hope—

From the Palm of the South to the Cataract's Fines.

GENERAL FARM MANAGEMENT.

After reading a report of the discussion of the Winchester Farmers' Club, we write the following from memory as a synopsis of the more important facts elicited. The requisites for success were admitted to be good drainage, removal of useless small enclosures, and consequent loss of room from useless hedges, deepening of the soil, extended employment of water as in irrigation, the enlarged introduction of root crops, the increase of live stock with suitable accommodations, and consequent large returns of grain crops; the selection of better seed and employment of better proportions; the improved and extended employment of manures and their more liberal application, and the introduction of more effective machinery and implements.

Before a farmer commences operations he should study well these requirements. Are the out-houses proportionate to the extent of farm? Is the necessary amount of capital to conduct so large a farm? Has he sufficient knowledge of the science of agriculture to use his capital with precision economy? Are the facilities for obtaining water adequate? and are the supplies of manure sufficiently near to compensate for the materials to be removed by the sales of crops and cattle? Unless all these questions can be answered satisfactorily, let the aspirant for agricultural fame either abandon his project, or cultivate only so much of his land as will enable him to meet all these requirements at an early date: for if he has one acre more than his means and facilities will enable him to cultivate, in the best manner and at full profit, the loss on every other acre will be as great as the profit on the one, while the time for his farm to arrive at a state of perfection and high profit, will be put off beyond the ordinary length of life of man.

All these conditions being acquired, let him proceed and let promptness and industry supply cheerfulness and health. A good paymaster always makes good bargains and firm friends, comfort will surround him, and his work hands will render him happy by feeling themselves obliged.

[Working Farmer.]

CHICORY.

While in England we received information as to the culture of this plant, the roots of which are used as a mixture with coffee. In many of the establishments of the first character in London, where coffee is extensively sold, we found the real coffee prepared, ground—and by its side, chicory, prepared and ground; and were informed at several of these establishments that it was preferred to mix them—one third of the chicory to two thirds coffee. The flavor of the chicory was suited to the tastes of many, and its medicinal qualities give it great favor. Most of that in use in England is imported from Belgium and Germany, but it is being cultivated to a considerable extent in England and Ireland, and the cultivation is increasing.

The seed is drilled in, in April, the same as carrots or beets—on rich light land, and thinned in the rows to about six inches, and kept entirely free from weeds. In September, the roots should be gathered. They are taken up with a potatoe fork and the tops taken off, and the roots are taken to a convenient place and thoroughly washed. The roots are cut in small pieces, either by hand or a common turnip cutter, having them as near a uniform size as practicable. The larger are then separated from the smaller, and put into coarse canvas bags and placed on a kiln to dry. They are then disposed of in market to the merchants, who prepare the root in the same manner as coffee, roasting and grinding. As soon as practicable after the roots are cut they should be dried, to prevent the loss of the milky juice, which contains its most valuable properties. The leaves are fed to cattle and sheep, who are very fond of them, and they are also used as a substitute for wood for coloring, and are esteemed very valuable for that purpose. We give this notice at the request of the officers of several of our societies.

[Journal of N. Y. State Ag. Society.]

A GOOD CELLAR.

The following directions for making a good cellar, possess merit, and we therefore give them a place in our columns. A good cellar is a most important advantage, especially to the farmer. We find the article in the Granite Farmer.

"A good cellar is almost a luxury, at any rate it is a very important item to every dwelling house. Having a very poor one myself, I determined to make it better if I could. The walls were laid with rubble stone mostly, and seemed to defy the mason. The bottom was upon the upper edges of the strata of a very soft rock, quite uneven and very wet most of the year. A plank floor would last but little while and was always in a state of decay, producing a very damp, unhealthy atmosphere, wholly unfit to keep anything sweet many days.

In the first place I procured a quantity of lime from the limers of a tannery. To this I added about equal parts of sand, making a very coarse but tenacious mortar. With this I filled the interstices of the wall, making a tolerably even surface. I next covered the bottom to the depth of from 6 to 12 inches with small field stones, leveling the surface with smaller pebbles as well as I could. I then procured two or three casks of water cement, (now a common article, costing about \$1.50 per cask in Boston,) with this a simple mortar was made and spread as smoothly upon the stones as possible to the depth of 14 inches. In a few months this floor became almost as hard as the "neuter millstone," and is very easily washed and kept clean and sweet. No rat or mouse can gain admittance, and it is so dry that I may lay my apples upon it if I choose, or other vegetables, or casks, without any injury from dampness. It is now in fact a first rate cellar."

HEAVENS IN HORSES.

A correspondent of the Boston Cultivator gives the following as the best treatment, with which he is acquainted, for horses troubled with the heaves:

"I notice in your last number, an enquiry for a remedy for the heaves in horses: I will give you, in my opinion, the best remedy now known, which is simple, and will be of use to any one that owns a heavy horse. Feed on cut hay and add 2 parts Indian meal to 1 part of shorts, (bran.) adding to each feeding, a table-spoon full of ginger. This I have used as a



R. EATON, Proprietor. J. B. HOLMES, Editor.

THURSDAY MORNING, MARCH 11, 1882.

COURTS OF CONCILIATION.

A year or two ago, we called the attention of our readers to the subject of a "Court of Conciliation," or a different system of administering justice between man and man, in most cases with less expenditure of time, of labor, and of money. This is certainly a subject which deserves the careful consideration of every citizen. More than nine-tenths of the cases which arise from the collection of debts are not litigated cases, in the common acceptance of the word; and yet enormous costs accrue from this class of cases alone. More than one-half of the lawsuits arising from other causes, might have been amicably settled, could there be commissioners of conciliation appointed by proper authorities, to whom the disputants might refer their troubles.

We are glad to hear from others on this subject. The following communication from Hon. Jesse Smart, now a member of our legislature—another from a friend of his, will be read with interest:

FRIEND HOLMES:—There is a call for judiciary reform, and that call among the industrial classes is as broad as the length and breadth of our State. It is heard from your jurors and lookers-on at courts—it is heard in every neighborhood, by every freeman, by every unfortunate debtor, by every creditor, too, whose claims have long been deferred and whose means of living have been completely absorbed by ruinous bills of cost; and that portion of our Constitution which declares that "justice shall be administered freely and without sale, completely and without delay, promptly and without delay," is to him as a dead letter. Far too great a portion of our press is silent, and our legislators, equally unfortunate, when their suffering constituents pray for reform, give them a stone or a scorpion, in the shape of complicated laws, and yearly changing, and mutilated statutes. Circumstances and simplicity are obsolete words. The people say—let our small matters be settled by commissioners of conciliation, chosen annually by ourselves,—selected for their known worth, their peace making dispositions, and their love of justice. Such men, in three cases out of four, would preserve the parties to settle without costs, and prevent malignant feelings between parties and even witnesses, that too often mar their happiness and social relations for life. But, having a communication from a highly respectable gentleman in Penobscot, and his petition with 75 others, I ask you, as a benefactor to mankind, to publish his valuable communication and petition, as it does better justice to the subject than anything that can emanate from my humble pen.

JESSE SMART.

MR. EDITOR:—I wish, through the medium of your paper, to call the attention of the people and the Legislature to the importance of a thorough reform in our system of administering civil justice. A reform which we believe would save a million dollars to this State annually, and do more to advance the interest of agriculture, than all the legislation we ever had on this subject. Beside, it would tend to check the tide of emigration that threatens to depopulate the State.

1st. We will state briefly some of the defects and corruption of our present system. 2d. Refer to the evidence to sustain our assertions, and suggest the remedy. The most we hope to do in this article is to excite in the minds of the Legislature and people, an enquiry into this subject; and when they once see the inconsistency and injustice of our present system, there will be legislative action at once, although it may not be best for this Legislature to take up the subject so late in the session.

Before I proceed, I wish to start the enquiry why it is that the press in this State is so slow to notice the absurdity and injustice of our judicial system; and the reforms that are going on in other States and countries. It is well known that New York has entirely remodeled her judicial system, and the subject has been extensively discussed in the papers of that State for years past. And even old England, from whom we derived our system, has taken up the subject, and it is more than probable that she will, in advance of Democratic Maine, give her subjects a system for administering civil justice worthy of the name. Yet the subject is scarcely alluded to by the press generally in this State.

First, then, the defects in our system. We say it is unreasonably expensive, and attended with almost interminable delays, so much so that no prudent and peace-loving man will go into our courts of justice to enforce a claim, however just, for the sums of forty, fifty, or even a hundred dollars, if his claim is to be contested in law, aside from the vexation attending the prosecution in our courts. He would probably have to pay out more than he would ultimately receive if his claim was sustained.

Just step into our district courts, and witness the scene before you. The best talent in the community assembled, with a grave judge to preside, and often for weeks the most important case before court does not exceed thirty dollars; the original amount was less than ten—perhaps the cutting of a few hoop poles, or the title to a sheep or an old spavined horse, or something equally trifling, is consuming the time of some four hundred able-bodied and many highly cultivated citizens. Perhaps one or two hundred witnesses are in attendance, receiving a sum of three dollars each for their expenses of traveling to do, beside all the other expenses of buildings, wood, lights, attendants, &c. The court and bar meanwhile mulling over the case on the docket, until plaintiff and defendant are pretty well seceded, and then perhaps they will recommend a settlement. But they sometimes overshoot the mark, and keep a case along and advance on it, until it becomes a question of cost. I have known the cost on the title to one sheep to amount to \$800. Then, when execution comes off, if no defence is made, the court, by its partial rules in favor of those who live by fees, making no fractions, will give the attorney ten miles travel, if he had but ten rods to go to court, and will give him one dollar and fifty cents, or two dollars, above the obvious meaning of the law, for his writ, and if the case goes to trial it is the same, so that every execution issued from our courts, (in some counties at least,) is for a sum four or five dollars more than our statute law allows, by any construction that would be given to such law, between any individuals who do not live by fees.

No legislative enactment is of force until our courts give it their sanction—no jury verdict is of any avail, if it conflicts with the interest or practice of the bar.

These are grave charges, and ought not to be made unless they can be fully sustained.

Now let us examine the subject impartially, and see if these things are so. As to what is

transpiring in our courts, I need bring no direct proof; if any one doubts, let him just step into the court while in session. The fees allowed are not so apparent, and I will give an exact copy of the cost taxed in a case in Cumberland county, where the defendant was ready for trial the first court. Let it be kept in mind that the bill of cost was taxed by the court and certified to be correct by the defendant's attorney, P. Barnes, one of the best men in the profession, and no doubt has the sanction of the court in that county.

Writ, \$2.45; service, \$3.70; entry, 60 cents; March, 1850, travel, 66 cents; attendance, \$3.30; continuance, 5 cents; June travel, 66 cents; attendance, \$3.30; continuance, 5 cents; Oct. travel, 66 cents; attendance, \$3.30; continuance, 5 cents; March travel, 66 cents; attendance, \$3.30; continuance, 5 cents; attorney fee, \$1.50; clerk fee, for rule, &c., 60 cents, making \$32.91 in all, in a case where the defendant was anxious to refer in the first place, and which was at last referred, but not until G. F. Shepley, the plaintiff's attorney, had, by the assistance of the court, taxed \$19.74 from the defendant, exclusive of sheriff and clerk fees, evidence, &c., when the whole award amounted to \$27—a part of which cost is without the shadow of authority of law; yet it must be paid, as it comes in the shape of an execution, and the whole executive department of the government must obey the mandate of the court, even if it were necessary to call out the militia to rob the people unjustly of their hard earnings. Now, I ask, what is this but legalized robbery?

Now let us examine, and see what force legislative enactment has with our courts, and for this purpose I refer you to chapter 115 of the Revised Statutes, providing that when our courts declare a bond forfeited in law the bondsman shall have trial by jury to ascertain the amount of damage to which the creditor is entitled. You will find this law wholly disregarded by the court in the decision of a case of Barnard vs. Bryant, Maine Reports, vol. 21, where the Court says a literal construction of the law would apply to the case, but if the Legislature had foreseen that the law would have applied to the case under consideration, they would have provided against it; so that a just law, made for the express purpose of meeting such a case, is wholly disregarded by the court, and innocent bondsmen denied a trial by jury, because the court deem it improper to trust such a case with a jury.

To show that jury trials are disregarded by our highest tribunals, I refer the Legislature and the people to a decision found in vol. 23, Maine Reports, Bodfish vs. Codman & Fox, as worthy of their careful consideration. The substance of which is, that Codman & Fox taxed a fee that Bodfish thought unreasonable, and he appealed to a jury of his country, and they gave him a verdict, but the court set it aside, because it conflicted with the bar rules of Cumberland county. A combination which, with any other class or profession of our citizens, would be termed an illegal combination, and liable to indictment before the Grand Jury; yet these rules must be considered law, because the custom of a country is the law of that country. Let it be remembered, the fees claimed in Cumberland are higher than in Kennebec or any of the Eastern counties.

Now let us see what are the legitimate conclusions of the mode of reasoning adopted by the court in the case under consideration. That, if in any section of the State, a few individuals get the entire monopoly of any article they may tax the community just what they please, and a jury of their peers shall avail them nothing; it is seen at once to be unlike any other trade or profession—there is no chance for competition here. If sick we can get just such a physician as we please, or none at all; but if we have a law case in Cumberland, we must have one of the Cumberland bar to attend to it, and the courts tell us we must pay them just what they ask—a jury verdict to the contrary, notwithstanding.

I have taken no pains to hunt up these cases; they came casually under my observation, and I presume are of frequent occurrence, but if not they answer my purpose as showing what may be done. Because most slaveholders use their slaves well, and seldom part man and wife, it is no good argument in favor of slavery. No more sound is the argument in favor of our present system, that some cases are rare occurrences.

We now suggest the remedy. Establish Courts of Conciliation, like those in practice in Denmark and Norway, and recommended to the people of Oregon by the Hon. T. H. Benton, which, by statistics presented to the House of Lords, by Lord Brougham, save nine-tenths of the litigation of those countries. Elect all our Judges by the people instead of having them virtually appointed by the bar, as they now are. Admit that we, the people, know something, and are capable of judging of the meaning of laws by which we are to be judged, especially after hearing the law explained by the presiding judge; in short, that the people be the judges of law and fact. Give us a high court of appeals, with power to decide the causes under consideration according to the plainest principles of reason and justice, without feeling bound to decide wrong, because some other courts have done so. Divest all our legal instruments of that useless verbiage which is a burden to the courts, and make every case of civil disagreement, and endeavor to effect a reconciliation before cost is made.

ONE OF THE PEOPLE.

To the Honorable the Senate and House of Representatives in Legislature assembled:

The undersigned inhabitants of—believing that our system of administering civil justice must be so reformed as to prevent the waste of litigation and consequent expense, vexation and delay in obtaining our civil rights, pray that you will make the following amendments and all such others, in our judicial system, as may save expense, insure justice, and prevent unnecessary delay in obtaining our civil rights.

1st. By providing for the choosing of commissioners of conciliation in every Town and Plantation in the State, whose duty it shall be to examine every case of civil disagreement, and endeavor to effect a reconciliation before cost is made.

2d. By simplifying the proceedings in our Courts so as to dispense with every form and technicality not necessary to the promotion of the ends of Justice, and admitting all evidence calculated to aid our tribunals in coming to correct and speedy conclusions on the merits of the case under consideration.

3d. That in civil actions, as in criminal, the Jury, after hearing the law explained by the presiding Judge, may have the right to their own judgment as to its true meaning.

4th. That we may be empowered with a High Court of Appeals, with power to construe our statute laws according to the principles of reason and justice, unshackled by unjust rules and precedents adopted in ages of comparative darkness and barbarism long since past.

5th. That our Constitution may be amended, by a Constitutional Convention or otherwise, as you may judge most expedient, so that as far as practicable all our Judicial and executive Officers may be elected directly by the people.

Note. If that "Seekonk paper" should be caught, it will prove to be nothing but what our hunters call a "Loosever" (Loosever, or Lynx.) We have any amount of them in the forests between here and Canada. Ed.

AUGUSTA MUNICIPAL ELECTION.

The election for Mayor and other municipal officers took place in this city on Monday last. Col. Pettigill, who, was elected Mayor by a large majority. The following is the result in the several wards:

| Ward. | Pettigill. | Lithgow. | Scattering. |
|-------|------------|----------|-------------|
| 1. | 113 | 48 | 8 |
| 2. | 109 | 48 | 4 |
| 3. | 206 | 15 | 4 |
| 4. | 58 | 3 | 1 |
| 5. | 80 | 16 | 1 |
| 6. | 93 | 1 | |
| 7. | 83 | 4 | |
| | 741 | 135 | 14 |

WARD OFFICERS.

WARD 1. Charles Lovth, Warden. A. S. Richards, Clerk. D. V. B. Ormsby, Constable. Sewall Lancaster, Alderman. Charles Hamlen, M. M. Swan, J. A. Bicknell, Councilmen.

WARD 2. S. Caldwell, Jr., Warden. Daniel C. Stanwood, Clerk. James B. Norris, Constable. W. F. Hallett, Alderman. W. J. Kilburn, S. Titcomb, Jr., J. P. Dillingham, Councilmen.

WARD 3. F. Davis, Jr., Warden. T. B. Perkins, Clerk. S. S. Farnham, Constable. Edwin Freeman, Alderman. Alphonso Sawtelle, Zina H. Greenwood, S. Cummings, Jr., Councilmen.

WARD 4. Charles Savage, Warden. T. L. Pollard, Clerk. John L. Dutton, Constable. Reuel Townsend, Alderman. Jacob Saunders, J. L. Dutton, A. Lyon, Councilmen.

WARD 5. Eben Sawyer, Warden. Samuel Patterson, Clerk. William Stevens, Constable. Henry Sawyer, Alderman. Thomas Little, B. Spaulding, W. M. Clark, Councilmen.

WARD 6. E. Eliza Barrows, Jr., Warden. J. F. Gannett, Clerk. H. W. Morton, Constable. Elijah McFarland, Alderman. E. K. Robinson, J. Barrows, P. S. Percival, Councilmen.

WARD 7. E. G. Wall, Warden. S. S. Webster, Clerk. Elijah Ingraham, Constable. D. Hewins, Alderman. Amos Church, P. P. Hall, A. Kimball, Councilmen.

LAW DECISIONS.

REPORTED FOR THE FARMER.

MORTON, Administrator, vs. HODGSON. A disavowal, (by the owner,) of any title to personal property, will not preclude him from setting up his ownership, even as against the party to whom the disavowal was made, unless the conduct of such party was influenced by it, and unless it was made for the purpose of having such influence.

Personal property, under mortgage, and remaining by the contract in possession of the mortgagor, is attachable as the property of the mortgagor.

Property which the officer had no right to attach, cannot be retained by him for the purpose of enforcing a reimbursement of money which he may have paid to discharge a prior lien upon it.

SMITH & CO., vs. CANWELL. Where land is mortgaged with covenants of general warranty, and, at the same time, is reconveyed in mortgage, with like covenants of warranty, no action upon the covenants in the mortgage can be sustained by the mortgagee or his assignee.

Thus, where such deeds were given, it was held, that the assignee of the mortgage could not recover, upon the mortgagee's covenants, for an eviction under a judgment for dower recovered against such assignee by the widow of the mortgagor.

SOPER, et al., vs. VEAZIE. When the plaintiff, in aid of his book account, testifies that the contents in controversy was delivered, not to the defendant, but to another person for the defendant's use, the book is to be excluded, unless there also be other proof that such person was in the agency of the defendant.

Exemptions from the District Court, Hathaway, J. They were taken to this ruling by the plaintiff's book of account was excluded as evidence. Hilliard for plaintiff. Peters for defendant.

PENOBSCOT CO., vs. SPALDING & ADAMS. A lien, created by contract, is not discharged by permitting the general owner or his assignee to take possession of the property, if it may be done consistently with the contract, and the course of business, and the intention of the parties.

Where one, entitled to a lien on property, conducts respecting it, in a manner inconsistent with the preservation of his lien, the presumption is that he has waived or abandoned it, unless such conduct be satisfactorily explained.

OFFICERS OF THE NORTH ARISTOCT AGRI-CULTURAL SOCIETY.

The Secretary and Corresponding Secretary of the North Aristoct Agricultural and Horticultural Society have sent us the following list of officers elected by that Society at the annual meeting, held at Lyndon, on the 25th of February.

S. B. Patten, Esq., President. S. Whitney, Esq., Vice President. A. Vaughn, Vice President.

C. H. Ellis, Recording Secretary. Joseph B. Hall, Recording Secretary. Winslow Hall, Esq., Collector and Treasurer. J. Wingate Haines, Agent. Bradford Cummings, Joseph Blake, Joseph W. Hines, Trustees.

It is remarked that "the weather was exceedingly unfavorable, and but few, comparatively, attended the meeting; but the interest in the objects of our Society is unabated, and we enter on the second year of our existence with strong assurance of continued success. Our motto is "Excelsior," and with our past experience as a guide, we believe we can do better than we have done."

CLEANING OR PRESERVING BRASS. A friend asks us to publish some good method of cleaning and preserving the color of brass. We have found the following, given by Professor Cooley, a pretty good method for doing this. Brass ornaments when not gilt or lacquered may be cleaned and a fine color given them thus: First, beat sal-ammoniac to a fine powder, moisten it with soft water, and rub it on the brass, and then rub it dry with bran and whiting. Second, take pure alum and make a solution of it, say one ounce to a pint. Wash the brass in this. When dry, rub it with fine flint, (rotten stone.) Either of these processes alone will give brass great brilliancy.

Either the sal-ammoniac or the alum water will cleanse the brass from all greasy and tarnished spots, and the whiting or tripoli puts the polish on.

A LIVE PANTHER IN SEBOKNE. A correspondent of the Taunton Gazette says that a live panther has been repeatedly seen in the town of Sebokne, within the last four or five weeks. He is said to have taken up his abode in a swamp, and makes nocturnal visits to the neighboring farms, and on one occasion the animal had a severe fight with a dog. A boy pulled the dog off, and the panther made a solution of it, say one ounce to a pint. Wash the brass in this. When dry, rub it with fine flint, (rotten stone.) Either of these processes alone will give brass great brilliancy.

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DISTRIBUTION OF PUBLIC LANDS.

The subject of distributing the public lands to the older States, has been introduced into Congress, and excites a good deal of attention and discussion. The first movement made in this matter was by a member from Iowa, who brought in a bill for giving a certain amount of public lands to that State, for the purpose of building railroads. A motion was also made by one of the members from our State, (Mr. Washburn, we believe,) to grant Maine a portion of lands also, for the purpose of building that part of the European and North American Railroad that lies in Maine. To these propositions Mr. Underwood moved an amendment, proposing a distribution of all the public lands among the old States of the Union. It embraces seventeen of the States, leaving out the twelve land States, and excluding also California and Texas, and distributes the land among these seventeen States in the following manner—that is to say:

To the State of Maine, 583,040 acres; New Hampshire, 317,700 acres; Vermont, 313,920 acres; Massachusetts, 994,240 acres; Rhode Island, 147,520 acres; Connecticut, 370,920 acres; New York, 3,097,280 acres; New Jersey, 489,280 acres; Pennsylvania, 2,311,680 acres; Delaware, 90,560 acres; Maryland, 546,880 acres; Virginia, 1,231,680 acres; N. Carolina, 733,280 acres; South Carolina, 541,240 acres; Georgia, 753,280 acres; Tennessee, 906,560 acres; Kentucky, 897,920 acres.

These lands, by the amendment now proposed, are to be used for purposes of internal improvement or of education within the several States, as the legislatures shall direct.

EDITORIAL TABLE.

MUSICAL WORLD. A work which must be very useful and interesting to the music loving world, is published in New York city, semi-monthly, by Oliver Dyer, at \$1.50 per annum. We have received the number of March last, and find it well filled, not only with matter pertaining to music, but other valuable information respecting the fine arts in general. Mr. Dyer wants an agent in this part of the Union to solicit subscriptions.

OUR COUNTRY. This is the title of a new paper, just started in Boston, which advocates the election of Daniel Webster to the Presidency. It is very neatly printed, and contains a good share of literary matter in addition to the political articles. Published at \$2.00 a year.

THE SCHOOLMASTER. A Monthly Review for School and Home Instruction, has just been started by George Savage, 22 John St., N. Y., at one dollar per annum. It is edited by A. R. Phippen. We have received the first two numbers, and are highly pleased with them. Such publications, which have for their object the education of children, and which bid fair to do that all important duty right, should receive every encouragement. Education is every thing to mankind. Encourage it in every way possible. The chart for reading and speaking, which is on the cover of each number, is a valuable guide to the young pupil, and to every old one, too. We should like to see it in every school room.

HARPER'S MAGAZINE FOR MARCH. This is in the front rank of the magazines, and is full of valuable information for all classes. The Harpers have made arrangements with the English publishers for the sheets of Dickens' new novel, which will be published in their magazine in advance. Mr. Abbott, the author of the "Tollu books," so popular among young folks, gives, in this number, the commencement of a new story, entitled "Rodolphus, a Franconian story." It is handsomely illustrated, and will no doubt be a great favorite with the young folks.

OUT OF THE GARDEN MACHINE INTO THE

As we predicted, the spirit of our uneasy brother of the Banner manifests a troubled condition. From the sudden starts, the incoherent muttering, and the disconnected manner of his expressions, we fear that his spirit is settling down to a confirmed monomania on the subject of the self-acting churn. Last week, as our friend was discoursing through the "medium," on Smith's Card Making Machine, under the religious head, "the motto of which is "In the name of our God we have set up our Banner," he gave a convulsive start, and exclaimed—

"We have great confidence that the cards manufactured by it would have taken the Prize Medal at the World's Fair. But confident as we are of this we shall not advertise Smith's Cards as having been the ones that took the only Prize Medal at the Great Exhibition, and then ourselves insist upon its being true, as Dr. Holmes of the Maine Farmer, does in relation to Davis' Self-acting Churn. That did not take the Prize, and he knows it; and yet he tries to make his readers believe it did."

Alas! alas! that the shape of a Yankee churn should so haunt his bewildered imagination! Perhaps the essence of truth, if he would only take it, even in homopathic doses, might ultimately relieve him. It seems, however, of no use to waste much time or labor in regard to his case, as he seems determined to continue a standing proof of the truth of Solomon's remark, that "Though thou shouldst buy a fool in a mortar among wheat with a pestle, yet will not his foolishness depart from him."

READINGS OF SHAKESPEARE AND OTHER POETS.

Mr. S. M. Willson, a talented and experienced elocutionist, gave a professional entertainment at Wintrop Hall, in this city, on Wednesday evening of last week, and on Monday evening of this week.

Mr. Willson's readings of some of the most difficult passages of Shakespeare were very fine, and evinced great power and command of voice, as well as command of countenance and gestulation of body.

The manner of reading Poe's Dream, or the Raven, was very fine, and brought out the sentiment and merit and deep feeling of that singular production, in a masterly manner. An attendance on readings of this kind is beneficial in showing to readers, in general, how far they are from reading in a correct manner, and thereby bringing out the true sentiment and spirit of the author.

"MUSE NEWS." One day last week the starting intelligence was circulated, finding its way to some of the Boston papers, that Louis Napoleon was assassinated on the 19th ult. The rumor caused considerable excitement, although its falsity was very soon manifest. Such a tragedy is generally considered among the probabilities of the future, and hence the announcement gained the more easy credence. The "Prince President," who is the "nephew of his uncle," must keep a sharp look out for assassins, or we shall soon have something more than a false report of his death.

TOWN OFFICERS IN WINTROP. At the town meeting in Wintrop, on Monday last, G. A. Benson, Esq., was chosen Moderator, but declined. W. H. Patten was then chosen. John M. Benjamin was chosen Town Clerk. Moses B. Sears, Zelotes A. Marrow, Stephen Gammor, Selectmen. David Stanley, Treasurer. Alexander Belcher, Agent. Rev. S. Powers, Rev. Mr. Sawyer, Dr. D. R. Bailey, Superintendents of the School Committee.

WAR OF CONVERSION.

MR. EDITOR:—In your paper, of Feb. 9th, is a communication written by Dr. John S. Lynde, headed Mahometanism and Pagan Absurdities, No. 4. He says, "We believe in a war of conversion to restore Christianity to her ancient possessions."

Now so far as conversion can be carried on in a moral and persuasive way in any nation where Christianity does not exist, so as to improve and ameliorate the condition of the people, so far the Doctor must have the hearty wishes of all lovers of freedom and improvement; but when the Dr. talks of sending the sword and thundering Christian cannon in advance, I think it would be well for him to pause and reflect. I am somewhat surprised when I read such a communication from such a man. I think when a talk of sending the sword and cannon to make way for and propagate Christianity, he needs christianizing himself, for I see nothing in the New Testament, from Christ, authorizing such proceedings. How a man can advance in the same communication, such an idea, I cannot conceive. Tolerance and improvement ought to be the motto of the age, and how can either of them exist where the sword and cannon are the chief dependence of the leaders?

Let us look at the nations the Dr. would annihilate, for the propagation of Christianity. (For a religious war is a war of extermination.) Who ever heard of a religious war without superstition and fanaticism?

There is one act, alone, of Turkey, which entitles her to the respect of all free men. When Christian Russia and Austria, lying, with their millions, on her borders, demanded Kosuth, that they might spill his blood, for loving liberty too well to submit to their dictates, the Turk replied, "He has come on to my soil, he has eaten my salt, he has trusted in me, and I will protect him;" and then threatened with instant invasion and destruction, the Sultan said, "I respect your powers, but I respect humanity more. Do your worst: I will do my duty, and trust in God!"

Could any Christian nation have done better? If Kosuth had sought refuge in some Christian countries, would they have done as well? If a man or a nation does a good act, no matter what their character may have been before, give them the credit of that act, and by so doing encourage them to improve.

I doubt not, by a more intimate acquaintance with the Mahometans and Buddhists, we might learn some useful lessons of them, for the philosopher is at times taught philosophy from the child, and without doubt they would be greatly improved by intercourse; but the Doctor's proposition of forcing an acquaintance, with sword and cannon, is carrying us back into the dark ages again. There has already been too much of that in the world for the credit and true benefit of the Christian religion.

I would ask what branch of the Christian religion he would send behind the cannon? For certainly some branches of it would not improve them much. If Popery is to be introduced, I would say, God forbid! for I think Mahometanism is in advance of that. Compare Turkey and India with Russia, Austria, Italy and Spain, and what have you to choose? Those Christian powers of Europe are at this very moment desperately intriguing against the liberty of the world. They have placed Louis Napoleon where he is, and have entered into a league, the results of which no man can foretell, but by the appropriation it receives from all good Catholics we may give it a name. The history of the Christian religion is too much stained with blood already.

The sword and cannon have been the vanguard, and which I would refer the reader to the Book of Martyrs and Hogan's Book of Popery at the present day, and if you can find any thing in Mahometanism or Paganism worse than that, I have yet to learn where it is to be found.

Again, the Doctor says that the countries which belonged to the Christians in the seventh century still belong to them now, for they were sacrilegiously taken from them by Mahometan swords; and he does the Doctor forget that the very spot on which he lives was sacrilegiously wrested from the Indians? In the sixth and seventh centuries the selfish nature of man seemed to be on edge, and he had the power to take it, they took it, without regard to right or justice; and when the powers of Europe were in the height of these wars of plunder and subjugation, the Turks and Scythians, and hordes of savage tribes from the North, made their appearance, and Turkey being the best and most fruitful part of Europe, and they having the power to take it, did take it, and drove out, killed, or made slaves of the inhabitants they found there. Then followed the preaching of the Crusade, and the combination of the Christian powers to drive them from the Holy Land, with his hundred years of war, with the loss of millions of men, and hundreds of millions of dollars, with the most horrible cruelties and brutalities, without the Christians gaining any permanent advantage.

Now is the Doctor in earnest when he wishes to see these scenes enacted over again? Or does he think he can get up a glorious Crusade without religious fanaticism? If he can, he is welcome to my share of the glory, and may be there alone to hear his anthem of shot and shells, and sit alone under his green tree of liberty, so as to enjoy the full benefit of it.

But by studying human nature, it is plainly to be seen that man has a pretty good share of that selfishness left. The Christians themselves, when they settled this country, as fast as they had the power, drove off the ancient inhabitants, and took their country to themselves, carried thousands to the West Indies and made slaves of them, made wars on them as fast as they thought they could beat them, and exterminated whole tribes—the work is still going on, and they will soon become extinct. It is easier to see the mote in our brother's eye than to see the beam in our own. There is not so much difference in the selfish dispositions of the different races and denominations of men, when their characters are reviewed, as one would think at first. The Christianity of which I have been speaking is Christianity which is practiced, not that which ought to be practiced, and which is found in the New Testament. Christ said, "Go preach the gospel to all nations," he said nothing about preaching it with the sword. Full well he knew one voluntary convert was worth ten compelled to accept it, if the compelled ones would be enemies at heart. If any man really takes an interest in the propagation of Christianity, he has opportunity enough in his own immediate vicinity.

In writing the above, I have simply expressed my ideas, hoping it may draw some remarks from those who have the ability and time to do justice to the subject; for I have to work for my living, and have not time to enter into the full discussion of such a subject; but I thought the article alluded to ought not to pass into so many hands without further remark.

WILLIAM ROBERTS.

Yarmouth, March 1, 1865.

GARDNER. Parker Sheldon, Esq., was re-elected Mayor of Gardner, on Monday last week.

GATHERED NEWS FRAGMENTS, &c.

Bath Municipal Election. Mr. Patten was re-elected Mayor of Bath on Monday last, receiving 938 votes, all the votes thrown for that office except six.

Arrest of Lottery Dealers. The Salem Register says that a seizure was recently made in that city of articles to the value of three or four hundred dollars, which were up in a lottery. The articles were taken to the Police Court, and the person who kept the lottery has been bound over for trial.

Cotton Manufactures. It is estimated that the annual product of all the cotton mills in the United States is 250,000,000 yards, and the consumption of cotton 600,000 bales, 100,000 of which are consumed in the Southern and Western States. Its value, when manufactured, is supposed to be more than \$67,000,000.

The Muse.

THE DYING GOLD HUNTER.

A Californian in his tent by glowing light of breath,
His search for gold was ended by a sickness unto death;
One faithful comrade only sat beside his couch of pain,
To hear his parting words uttered he ne'er might see again.

"Go to the white-walled cottage where my sire and mother dwell,
Beneath the elm and maples, just beyond the pleasant dell
Where we sported in our boyhood, not many years ago;
And bear the message I shall give, with painful words and low."

Tell my father when the summons came, my task was done—
That his homestead yet is unredeemed, although his son—
Bent o'er the Sacramento's shore, with willing heart and hand,
And strove to gather up its price beneath the yellow sand.

Tell my pale and gentle mother—O, her heart will surely break—
How I failed to save the cottage and its acres, for her sake;
That when her days, so weary grown with long disease, had passed,
She might rest upon the hill-side, 'neath the orchard trees at last.

Tell my brave and loving sister that the fearful hour has come
To try her boasted strength of soul; and when our father's
Has passed to strangers, upon her solemn duty call,
To lighten well the heavy load on our parents' fall.

I saw the dear old homestead in my dreaming, yesterday;
Before my longing eyes it stood, all bathed in summer light,
The honeybees on the porch that sister taught to hum,
The bank of roses on the slope, the violets below.

I saw the maples in the lane, the elm tree at the gate,
Tearing aloft its giant arms, as it is nipped at fate;
The "fire bird" in his haunting nest securely there was singing;
The robin on its topmost bough his evening song was singing.

My father rested from his toil beneath the grateful shade,
My mother sat beneath the porch, my sister near her side;
O'er all the scene a crimson glow from the setting sun—
The picture haunts my memory now, the dearest, brightest one!

O, it is better thus to die! for other hopes than mine
Hang on my life; else would I gladly, even now resign
My breath to the fierce pestilence that guards this land of gold;
Ere the shadow of whose wing my heart is growing cold.

He died that day at evening, when his comrades closed his eyes,
And hallowed out a narrow grave beneath those sullen skies;
Where he rests beside the victims of avaricious lust,
His fears, his hopes, his aspirations leveled in the dust.

The Story-Teller.

From Gleason's Pictorial Drawing Room Companion.
**THE ORPHAN BOY'S PRAYER;
OR, THE PERJURED WITNESSES.**

BY SYLVANUS COBB, JR.

CHAPTER I.

Night had drawn her curtains over the earth,
But still in bright moonlight the darkness,
In the cloudless, star-gemmed heavens dwelt the
bright full moon, and from her "sweet silver"
face the great A.M. seemed to look forth
in smiles upon his created world. A soft zephyr
bearing upon his bosom praises from a thousand
flowers, and made musical by the notes of the
nightingale, played over the face of nature with
a gentle power, while the pearly dew glistened
in the mellow beams of the night queen, like di-
amonds in their setting of green jasper.

A small village, nestled among fresh crowned
hills, had sunk into quiet repose, and save where
by the gate of a neat white cottage, stood a youth
and maiden, the gardens and greens had been
left alone by the sleeping villagers.

I said a youth and maiden stood by the gate,
perhaps it would be better had I said a boy and
a girl, for not over fifteen summers could have
smiled upon them. But there they stood, and
they had both been weeping; and as the moon-
beams struggled through the deep foliage above
their heads, the girl had nestled her face within
the bosom of her companion, while the fountain
of her grief burst forth.

"Come, come, dear Cora, wipe the tears from
your eyes, and let me see you smile ere I go
from your side. God will return me to you again
and then we will be happy."

"I will smile, Henry. There!—God bless
you."

As the gentle being spoke she looked up thro'
her tears and smiled. It was a heavenly smile
for one so young, and to the youth it sent a thrill
of purest joy.

"Thank you dear Cora," he said. "That
smile will make me happier. Now I must go,
for I cannot stay here another night. Perhaps
we are too young to talk of love, but still I feel
that I do love you as truly and tenderly as the
human heart can be capable of. We have been
playmates together, and I trust that when we
are older we shall come together for life. You
will be faithful to me, Cora?"

"Yes, yes, Henry."

But why need we draw the picture further.
Young as were these two hearts, they beat with
a strong devotion and they felt that their love was
"to be lasting as it was pure and heart-felt."
The first flame that burns upon the altar of the
soul's affection, can never be extinguished.

Years may roll over its smoldering embers, and
its fires may grow dim and low, but they can
never become utterly cold. The human heart
may bear upon its tablets the memory of a thou-
sand ties of friendship and regard, but its first
love will always hold its impress there!

Henry Williams was yet a boy, he had lived
long enough to see the last earthly remains of
his father and mother laid beneath the green sod
of the village church yard, and he had been left
with nothing but his own hands and health, with
which to overcome the trials and wants of earth.
In his native village, he could see no hope of
success, for he was too poor; and more than once
had he been turned coldly away on that account.
One tie, and only one, bound his heart to the
place of his birth; and that was the love he bore
for the gentle Cora Clifford. They had been
playmates together; although the father of Henry
had been a hired laborer on the farm of Deacon
Clifford; but though the sire had sweat and
toiled in his service, still he felt no sympathy for
the son; and when, by accident, he discovered
the warm affection that existed between the youth
and his daughter, he turned the poor lad coldly
again. That was a severe blow upon the tender
heart of Henry Williams, but he made no reply,
only he hastened from the house to hide the tears
that the ill-treatment had started forth, and from
that moment he was determined to leave the
place, trusting that at some future time he might
be enabled to take a stand that should entitle
him to the respect of those who now looked down
upon him so scornfully.

Henry pressed the fair Cora once more to his
young bosom, and imprinted one more kiss upon
her brow; then he seized his bundle and turned
quickly away from the spot. He dared not look
back, for he would not have Cora see his tears,
but he heard her fervent "God bless you," and
with a comparatively light step he hastened on.
At length he stood upon the brow of a hill from
whence he could take the last view of the the-
atre of his boyhood's scenes. There lay the quiet
village, with its church-spires pointing up toward
heaven, while around were gathered the cot-
tages of those who were so soon to be far distant
from him.

For a moment he stood thus, and then, while
a holy light irradiated his countenance, he fell
upon his knees, and clasping his hands together,
he murmured:

"My Father in heaven; O, give me strength
to do my duty true and faithfully. Wilt thou
with me under trials and afflictions, and should a
better day dawn upon me, wilt thou keep me in
remembrance of thy goodness? Through all
my journeyings in life, wilt thou be my guide
and my support, and lead my feet in the way of
our Lord and Saviour? Deliver me from all
temptation and evil, and to thee will I return my
thanks both night and morning."

When the youth arose to his feet, he felt strong
and happy. Simple as had been his prayer, it
sent a new hope to his soul, and a new set of
feelings and aspirations seemed to have started
up within him, and swinging his bundle over his
shoulder, he started once more on his way.

Amid all the petitions that went up that night
to the throne of grace, there could have been
none which sounded more clearly through the
realms of heaven, or which came from a purer
source, than did THE ORPHAN BOY'S PRAYER.

CHAPTER II.

For four days did the youthful hero trudge on
his way towards the city of Philadelphia. He
found kind hearts on the road, and on his arrival
in Westchester, he had the good fortune to fall
in with an old Quaker, who was going to the city
the next day, and after hearing the boy's story he
offered to give him rest for the night and a ride
in his wagon on the morrow. This offer was
joyfully accepted; and when Henry hid his head
upon his pillow that night, he began to feel that
there was much of humanity in the world.

The sun had hardly peeped over the tall trees,
when the old Quaker started off upon his
trip. For a long distance the youth and his kind
host rode on in silence, but at length the old man
abruptly asked:

"What does thee intend to do in the great city,
my young friend?"

"I do not know yet," returned the boy, in a
frank, honest way; "but I think I can easily find
employment."

"What would thee say to entering the office of
an eminent lawyer?"

"If he would take me, I should like it above
all things," answered Henry, while a flush of
hope overspread his handsome features, and then
as a shadow flitted across his face, he added,
"But I have no recommendations."

"Who can recommend thee?"

"Myself, boy."

"But you do not know me."

"Boy, I heard thee pray this morning. When
thou thought that no ear save thy God's heard
thy prayer, I was listening. I will place thee in
the care of my friend, and I will lend thee money
when thou needest it."

Henry would have spoken his thanks in words
had he been able, but the deep feelings of his
soul were too overwhelming for that, and his
grateful tears told the whole; and during the ride
the old Quaker endeavored to impress upon the youth's mind the necessary
course to be pursued in steering clear of the
shadows and quicksands of the metropolis.

The kind old man was as good as his word; and
on the next morning, Henry found himself duly
installed into the office of Ashley Beauchampe,
Esq., one of the most prominent lawyers of the
State; and at the end of a month from that time
he was taken from the situation of "runner" and
placed in the somewhat responsible office of
copyist, where he had more time to read; and
having free access to Mr. Beauchampe's library,
he turned his spare moments to good account.

Thus passed three months; and during that time
the lawyer had so learned to love and respect his
protégé, that he took him to his own house to
dwell; but as yet he had never thought of the
giving to the youth any regular course of study,
partly because he thought he was not old enough,
and partly because he appreciated his beautiful
and rapid penmanship too highly to take him
from the copying desk; but a circumstance was
about to occur, that was destined to make a vast
change in the horizon of his future prospects.

An old man named Brown, had died over a
year before without leaving a will, and had left a
vast bulk of wealth behind him. His wife had
died some years previous, and he left an only
child, a son twenty years of age, as the legiti-
mate inheritor of his estates; but a number of
avaricious relations, who had long looked with
longing eyes upon old Brown's wealth, deter-
mined to possess themselves of it if possible; and to
this end they told and maintained the story that
the pretended son was, in fact, no son at all, but
merely a poor boy whom Mr. Brown had adopt-
ed in his infancy, and to maintain their position,
they hired an old woman to personate the young
man's mother, and also a man to swear that he
worked for Mr. Brown at the time when the
child was adopted. These two wretches were
well drilled in the parts they were to perform.
They were taken to the house of the deceased
and shown over the premises, and as the dwell-
ing was much retired they hoped to be the bet-
ter able to carry out their base designs. The
physician and the nurse, the only two people who
could have sworn to the true birth of young
Robert Brown—had been dead several years, and
save the common impression among the neigh-
bors no testimony could be brought forward to
prove the legitimacy of the supposed son, while
the heirs presumptive seemed to have it all their
own way.

The scoundrel relations, after they had suffi-
ciently trained their principal witnesses, placed
the case in the hands of two eminent counsel, and
the thunderstruck Robert, hardly realizing the
baseness that was at work against him, secured
the service of Mr. Beauchampe and his colleague.

Many times did Robert attend the office; and on
every occasion Henry Williams heard every word
that passed, and feeling a lively interest in the
young man's case, he very naturally set his
wits at work to dive into the intricacies of the
suit.

No legal documents had been left by Mr.
Brown which had the slightest bearing on the
case—the birth of Robert had never been entered
on the town record, nor could any clue whatever
be obtained to substantiate a defence against the
relations. The case looked indeed almost hope-
less; but it was at length before the court, and
on the morning of the trial Mr. Beauchampe de-
sired Henry to accompany him and take exact
notes of the evidence.

The counsel for the plaintiffs stated his position
and informed the court that his clients were leg-
ally entitled to the property of Mr. Albert
Brown deceased, as he should proceed to prove
that the youth calling himself Robert Brown was

in no way related to him, but merely dependent
upon his charity, and had been adopted by the
deceased out of benevolence.

First an old woman, who gave her name as
Margaret Fullerton, was called upon the stand.
She testified that 20 years before, on the fourth
of August, she had given birth to a son in
Norristown—that she kept the boy one year, and
then, on the death of her husband, she start-
ed on foot for Philadelphia, with the child in her
arms. On her arrival in the suburbs she became
exhausted and sought the house of a Mr. Albert
Brown who asked her if she would give up her
child to his care and keeping. The witness
stated that she was loath to part her son, but
Mr. Brown promised to bring him up well and
educate him, she at length consented to do so,
and furthermore she promised him that she would
never claim the child as her own, nor would
she speak of it to others. In return, however,
she received a written acknowledgement from
Mr. Brown certifying to the reception of the
child, and pledging himself to treat it as though it
were his own blood. She had often seen her
son since that time, but had never allowed her
maternal feelings to betray her relationship to
him. The young man named Robert Brown—the
same now in the room—is my son whom I
left with Mr. Brown, nineteen years ago.

The paper of which she spoke was here pro-
duced and compared with known letters of Mr.
Brown, and none hesitated in pronouncing it
to have been written by the same hand that penned
the letters. It was dirty and disfigured, but still
the writing was perfectly legible, and was dated
"August 29, 1815." Mr. Beauchampe took the
paper and handed it to Henry to copy, and then
began to cross-question the witness, but in no
case could he make her contradict herself. It
was proved beyond a doubt, that she had once
lived in Norristown, and that she had lost her
husband there, and that about nineteen years
before she had come to Philadelphia, and it could
not be disproved that she had brought an infant
with her.

At this stage of the proceedings, Henry left the
table and stepped around to where sat Robert
Brown, and after whispering a few moments in
his ear, he laid his finger very significantly upon
the defendant's right arm, just above the elbow,
whereupon Robert signified a token of assent,
and Henry went back to his seat. The eagle
eye of the old witness caught the movement.

"Mr. Beauchampe," whispered Henry, "ask
her if she took the sole charge of her child for one
year."

Mr. Beauchampe asked the question and re-
ceived a decided "Yes."

"Ask her if she remembers a large mark upon
the body of her child," continued Henry in a
whisper.

The question was asked, and while a peculiar
twinkle played in the small grey eyes of the
witness, she replied,

"Yes, sir."

"Where was it?"

"I think it was upon the right arm, just above
the elbow."

"You are sure of such a mark existing some-
where, are you?" asked Mr. Beauchampe, ap-
parently somewhat chagrined at the promptness of
the last answer.

"Yes, sir," replied the beldam, with a tri-
umphant look.

The lawyer turned toward Henry, as much as
to say, "what next?"

"Let her go now," he kept her near at hand,"
whispered the boy, while a look that Mr. Beau-
champe could not fathom dwelt upon his features.

It was a look in which triumph and pride were
equally mingled.

"Are there any paper-makers in this city?"
asked Henry, as the witness left the stand.

"Yes," replied the counsel.

"Then, you had better summon two of the
most popular ones, for I think you may prove
this paper (holding up the pretended certificate
of Mr. Brown) to be several years younger than
it would appear from the writing."

Writs of subpoena were immediately filled out
for two extensive paper manufacturers and placed
in the hands of the sheriff; and in the meantime
an ill-looking fellow, named Roger Finney, was
called to the stand.

Finney gave his evidence with a degree of
straight-forwardness and impudent self conceit,
which, if it did not prove its truth, at least evinced
a great deal of study and confidence. He testi-
fied that some time during the latter part of Au-
gust or the first of September, about nineteen
years ago, (he never expected to be obliged to
testify under oath to the time, and so had not
fixed it very firmly in his memory,) he worked
three months for Mr. Albert Brown, and while
he was there the woman who had just left the
stand came to the house one night, with an infant
in her arms, and begged for shelter—and his
further testimony went to corroborate the state-
ments of Margaret Fullerton.

Mr. Beauchampe cross questioned this witness
severely but all to no purpose. He seemed to be
well acquainted with all the matters and circum-
stances whereof he spoke, and evinced a thorough
knowledge of Mr. Brown and his general char-
acter. It was furthermore proved that a young
of that name had at some former time lived with
Mr. Brown, but, save the witness' own statement,
no clue could be obtained to the exact date of his
services with the deceased.

"Ask him what name he has passed under
during the last ten or twelve years," whispered
Henry, as he touched Mr. Beauchampe upon the
shoulder.

The old lawyer looked at the face of his young
clerk, and the expression which rested there gave
him a new hope, and turning to the witness he
put the question.

Finney stammered and trembled.

"Tell the truth, sir," thundered Beauchampe,
now fully aroused to a sense of the advantage he
had somehow gained through the aid of his faith-
ful boy.

Finney looked first to the excited cross ques-
tioner, and then to the expectant relatives. The
latter were evidently in no enviable state of mind,
for the sweat stood in huge drops upon their
brows, and they trembled even worse than did
the witness; but he feeling that too much hesita-
tion would be worse than the truth, replied, while
he strove to regain his former composure—

"I have been known by the name of Jack Col-
lins."

"And what was that for?"

"Why, you see about twelve years ago, I got
into a bit of a row, and was lodged before the
court, and as I didn't like to give my real name,
I told 'em my name was Jack Collins, and so I
kept it after that."

"By giving your real name, then, you were
fearful of injuring your reputation," said Mr.
Beauchampe, with a smile.

"Yes, sir," answered Finney with a look of
offended dignity.

"Just read that," said Henry, as he handed
his paper a folded paper.

soon started him to his senses, and he pushed
back his shaggy, sandy locks, revealing to the
court and jury an ear from the top of which a
piece about the size of a York shilling had been
clipped.

"Now," said Mr. Beauchampe, "may it please
your honor and gentlemen of the jury, I hold in
my hand a document which will at once settle
the business with this witness. It has been ob-
tained by the captain of our marine corps at the
navy yard, and is the description of a deserter
from the barracks at Brooklyn N. Y., which was
filed in our yard nearly eighteen years ago."

He then proceeded to read the paper. It stated
that the man, Roger Finney, had deserted on the
25th of June, 1816, after having served two
years and four months; and the description given
was exact in every particular as corresponding
with the appearance of the witness, making al-
lowance of course for the effects of age and dis-
position.

"Thus you will see, your honor, and gentle-
men of the jury," continued Mr. Beauchampe,
as he handed the paper to the judge, "that the
witness could not have been in this section of the
country within a year of the time to which he
testifies. I shall seek no further to question
him or his testimony, for you see that he has
been bribed to perjure himself. Your honor
might hand him over to the sheriff's deputy for
the present."

The counsel for the prosecution made some
lame objections to this summary method of dis-
posing of the witness, but the court ruled them
out, and Mr. Beauchampe was allowed to call
for rebutting testimony against Mrs. Margaret
Fullerton. He stated that he had two witnesses,
well known to the court and jury, one of whom
would remain outside till the other had given his
testimony, and neither of whom yet knew for
what purpose they were called. Thereupon Mr.
H—, one of the most influential citizens, and
an extensive paper manufacturer of the city, was
called upon the stand.

"Mr. H—," said Mr. Beauchampe, as he
handed over the certificate which the woman
testified had been given to her by Mr. Albert
Brown nineteen years before, "will you examine
that paper?"

Mr. H— took the paper, and as the date
struck his eye, a perceptible smile passed over
his features.

"How long ago was that paper manufactured?"
asked the counsel.

"Not over ten years at farthest," replied Mr.
H—, and at a request from the court he went
on and explained the various improvements in
paper-making during the last twenty years, and
also showed to the judge and jury how he was
enabled to tell so exactly as to the time when the
paper was manufactured.

The other witness was now called, and his
testimony was as clear and precise as had been
that of Mr. H—. He stated that the paper
could not have been made over ten years, ever
was it as old as that; and his reasons embodied
the same description as had already been given,
except that he went rather more particularly into
the peculiarities of the various kinds of wire-
cloths upon which the pulp is first formed into
sheets.

Young Robert Brown was then called before
the court, and both his arms bared to the shoul-
ders, but no such mark as the old woman had
testified to was to be found.

It is hardly necessary to add that the case was
soon given to the jury, and that they immediately
returned with a verdict in favor of Robert Brown.
The chagrined relations were dismissed with a
most scathing condemnation from the court; Mrs.
Margaret Fullerton was admonished to mend her
ways, and Mister Roger Finney was delivered
over to a sergeant and a file of marines.

CHAPTER III.

On the next morning after the trial, Mr. Beau-
champe entered his office and found Henry al-
ready at his desk. For several moments he re-
garded the boy in silence; but at length, while a
look of deep respect, mingled with a kind of pa-
ternal pride, rested upon his features, he said:

"Henry, I wish you would tell me in what
manner you discovered those circumstances with
regard to yesterday's trial, which you must be
aware, carried the case, and which had escaped
the penetration of older heads."

"Why, sir," returned Henry, as a deep blush
suffused his handsome face, "from the first mo-
ment that I heard Mr. Brown testify, I was struck
by the matter to you, I knew that he was wrongfully
beaten by villains. I was confident that he was
the son of the named deceased, and I felt sure
that innocence could be protected. I knew that
your business was pressing, and therefore I set
about the work of hunting up the truth. Your
library has afforded me a knowledge of many of
the intricacies of legal affairs, and my sympathy
added to my—"

"Ambition. Speak it out, Henry."

"Yes, sir, you are right. It was my ambition
that led me through the task. For four suc-
cessive nights I hunted round through the lowest
haunts in the city, endeavoring to find out some-
thing about this Finney. On the fourth night I
swaggered into a low sailor's drinking house on
the Delaware side, and after looking about for a
few moments I asked if Finney had been there."

"Do you mean old Roger?" asked a half-drunk
sailor, who had been sitting back at the end
of the bar.

"Yes," I told him.

By asking me some observations about old
Roger—his shipmate, as he called him—and end-
ed by asking me to treat him. I told him that I
did not wish to drink, but that if he was a ship-
mate of Finney's, I would lend him half a dollar
in welcome. He was overjoyed at the reception
of the money, and immediately ordered a bowl
of hot punch, which we carried to a table where
we both sat down. As the hot beverage warmed
his head, his heart was also opened and his
tongue loosened, and by dint of a good deal of
cross-questioning, mixed up with such jokes and
pleasanties as I thought necessary to smooth the
matter over, and make it appear that I knew as
much as he did, I succeeded in pumping out of
him the information I could possibly want. I learned
that Finney had broke jail in Canada—that he
enlisted in the marine corps, from whom he had
deserted, and that most of the time since then he
had sailed under the name of Jack Collins. From
this information I was assured that a severe
cross-questioning would break Mr. Finney down,
and when I called at the commandant of marines'
office and learned the particulars of the deser-
tion, and also was kindly accommodated with the doc-
umentary evidence and description of the man, I
found that with regard to him, at least, we were
safe. The woman's evidence I knew nothing
about until she delivered it, but when she did so
I knew she was lying, and from the confident
manner in which she told her story, and from the
wickedness which sparkled in her small grey
eyes, I knew that she would be so reckless as to
fall in a trap. When I stepped to the side of
Mr. Brown, I saw that the woman's eyes were
upon me; but pretending not to notice it, I asked
the defendant if he had any mark upon either of
his arms. He told me he had not; and then
bidding him make a sign of assent, I laid my
finger upon his right arm, just above the elbow.
The bait took as I had expected. Only a
ghost could look dirty and gray—and seemed
dismayed to obey; but a call for the sheriff

Dickinson & Co., of London, on the Rise, Pro-
gress, and Improvements of Paper Making, and
the moment you placed the forged certificate
in my hands, the idea struck me to examine its
quality; and that examination convinced me that
the paper could not have been made so long ago
as nineteen years. The rest, sir, you know. I
hope you will not be offended at what I have
done. I thought several times of stating to you
my belief, but I was afraid you would think me
presumptive, so I went to work alone, and when
I had succeeded so completely in my endeavors,
I must own that I felt a kind of desire to—"

"I see it all, my dear Henry," exclaimed Mr.
Beauchampe, as he started forward and seized
the youth by both his hands, while the warm
tears of gratified pride glistened in his eyes.
"You wished to enjoy the triumph which so justly
belonged to you, and honorably, nobly have you
proved it. Go on, go on—the country shall yet be
proud of you. But here," continued the old at-
torney, as he handed to Henry a sealed note, "is
something which will show you how highly your
services are valued."

With a trembling hand Henry broke the seal,
but he could hardly believe his senses when he
beheld noted at the amount of two thousand dollars,
accompanied by the following lines:

HENRY WILLIAMS.—The within is but a small
mark of esteem I have learned to feel toward
you. The services you have done me I can never
repay; for you have saved me from a condition
to which death would have been preferable. It
is my desire that the within amount should be
used for your education, and I feel confident that
Mr. Beauchampe will give you every advantage
necessary to your progress. A friendship thus
begun must cease but with life. My home is
always yours, if you will but accept it.

Yours,
ROBERT BROWN.

For several moments after Henry had read the
note he gazed vacantly upon its face, but gradu-
ally the letters and lines grew indistinct, his lips
quivered, his bosom swelled with a powerful
emotion, and bowing his head upon his desk, he
burst into tears. The tenderest spot in his whole
heart had been touched by the angel's wand, and
the fountain of a gratitude, which words might
have uttered, burst forth in a flood that washed
away forever all darkness from his soul.

At that moment the old quaker, who had
brought Henry to the city, entered the office.
The story was soon told to him, and stepping
forward he laid his hand on the boy's head, and
raising his hands toward heaven, he uttered—

"God bless thee, Henry!" Then turning to the
attorney, he continued: "Ah, friend Beauchampe,
I knew thee would find him a noble boy; for
when I heard that prayer which he made on the
morning when we started for the city, I very well
knew that his heart was in the right place."

CHAPTER IV.

Several years passed away. The flowers had
faded and died—then bloomed and withered again,
but still the air that moved amid the foliage in
front of Deacon Clifford's cottage was laden with
their gentle perfumes, and the jasmine and
woodbine had spread out their sweet scented arms
to lend their fragrance to the charms of the spot.

It was a bright afternoon in summer. Cora
Clifford sat beneath the arbor in front of the
porch of her father's dwelling, engaged in pick-
ing in pieces and dropping at her feet the honey-
suckle which grew by her side. The beautiful
girl had grown to a most beautiful woman, and
as the dark lashes of her tearful eyes almost
rested upon the lily surface of her cheek, she looked
full as lovely as did the blooming, blushing flow-
ers that raised their heads about. By her side
stood her father, as cold and stern as ever.

There was a frown upon his brow and a curl
upon his lip.

"And so you have received another letter from
that quondam, boyish lover of yours?"

Cora looked reproachfully into her father's
face, but returned no answer.

"I thought," continued he, "that seven years
would have effaced the image of the penniless
youth from your mind, but as matters stand now
you will have to subject yourself to the course
of discipline I have marked out. Wealthy suitors
are even suing for your hand, and I cannot
stand your foolishness longer. I tell thee, child,
you must now make your choice from among
them."

Cora threw her arms around her father's neck,
kissed him, and then wept. This was an argu-
ment against which the old man could offer no
response, though he had a thousand times re-
solved never to be put off so again. He was
getting old—Cora was his only child, and he real-
ly loved her, and so he turned away, with a firm
resolution that the next time he broached the
matter, he would be as unmoved